

# THE MISSIONARY HELPER

## A TEST

Our Interest in Missions is a mark of our  
Christian Character

Our Knowledge of Missions is the measure of  
Our Christian Attainment

Our Participation in Missions is the measure  
of our Christian Efficiency

—H. C. Mabie

Published by The  
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# The Missionary Helper

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XUM





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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE  
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

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VOL. XLI.

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## The Meaning of Pain

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God:

"Lord, take away pain—

Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,  
The close-coiling chain

That tangles the heart, the burden that weighs  
On the wings that would soar—

Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,  
That it love Thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world:

Shall I take away pain,

And with it the power of the soul to endure,  
Made strong by the strain?

Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart  
And sacrifice high?

Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire  
White brows to the sky?

Shall I take away love that redeems with a price  
And smiles at its loss?

Can ye spare from your lives that would climb into mine,  
The Christ on His cross?"

—*The British Weekly.*

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

### FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

There is many a trail worth following, as well as the African one which we find so alluring. Perhaps the most wonderful trail in all the world is that of personal influence. A striking true story is told in *The Missionary Review of the World*, entitled "Did She Go?" Upon the heart of a young school teacher in a country town of the Middle West was laid the great commission, "Go ye into all the World." There seemed to be no opportunity for far-reaching service. She married, was poor, and had an endless round of daily tasks as her six children grew up in the little home. A limited life, indeed, the world would say, but she consecrated each child to God, and with quiet determination kept her ideals for their Christian education until five had graduated from the University of Wooster, Ohio. The eldest son is Wilbert W. White of New York, whose influence as a missionary and founder of the Bible Teachers' Training School is felt in mission stations in every land. The eldest daughter and her husband spent years in frontier Home Mission service and are now preparing young men for Christian work. The second daughter is Mrs. John R. Mott. The other daughter is working in China with her husband, who is on the Y. M. C. A. staff. The second son of this quiet mother, who never addressed an audience in her life, is J. Campbell White, former missionary to India and first General Secretary of the Layman's Missionary Movement, who has probably stirred more thousands of men in America to a recognition of their world obligation than any other one man. Five grandsons are in Missionary and national service. *Did she go?.....*This recalls an experience in the life of Mrs. Mary R. Wade. When she was a young married woman in a little village where there were apparently no opportunities for either culture or service, she became interested in a girl who was full of promise but had no uplifting surroundings, whose associates were unfit, and who was being drawn into a life that meant disaster to any further development. Mrs. Wade invited her to her home, into her S. S. class, gave her better books to read, prayed for her continually and finally loved her into a Christian life. A few years before Mrs. Wade went away, a letter came from this little friend of long ago, expressing the deepest gratitude. "If it had not been for you, dear Mrs. Wade," she wrote, "my life would have been wholly different. I want you to know for what you are responsible." She married a gentleman who was an active Christian worker. They made a home

of culture and refinement. Many foreigners were in his employ, and these she taught in Sunday School and evening classes, visiting the women in times of trouble, comforting them even when they could not understand a word of her language. One son and his wife are very happy and successful missionaries in India; a daughter was a missionary to Mexico; another daughter is in the National Y. W. C. A. work. Late in life her own father and mother accepted Christ, and all of these beautiful results, she declared, could be traced back along the trail of Mrs. Wade's personal influence.....The pledge of the Patriotic League is a pretty good one for missionary workers, too, isn't it? "I pledge to express my patriotism by doing better than ever before whatever work I have to do; by rendering whatever special service I can to my community and Country; by living up to the highest standard of character and honor and helping others to do the same." .....Miss Mary Garrett Hay, reports *The Woman Citizen*, has recently made one of those epigrammatic statements which sink into a nation's speech and are quoted far and wide, when she said to the women of the City Suffrage Party assembled in New York for their first convention as citizens: "Let us change the adage, 'Every man has his price,' into 'Every woman has her principle'.".....The W. A. B. F. M. S. calls for a Day of Prayer, February 8th. "Never before has our Day of Prayer found us in such a world crisis. Let us approach it not as a matter of form, but as an opportunity for laying hold upon God's power. Let us make it a day of resolutely facing the world situation, political and spiritual; a day wherein we rise to a new level of consecration and service." The first topic is The World Struggle, and we are asked to read Fosdick's "The Challenge of the Present Crisis" in preparation. The second is Our Foreign Mission Work, with thanksgiving and supplication. The third is God's Challenge to His Children—to service, to give, to deepen the spiritual life. Surely we will all remember this service, as well as our special February meeting of Prayer and Praise. The W. A. B. F. M. S. has decided to consider twelve o'clock noon as a special prayer hour each day for the work of the Society and asks all missionaries and workers at home to join in prayer wherever they may be. In that beautiful "Book of Remembrance" you will note that Dr. Mary Bachelier's birthday is Feb. 22, and we are asked to pray at that time for the children in Sinclair Orphanage. And here are best wishes for her, in a great big bunch, from every member of our HELPER family! Miss Coe gives us a very informing and interesting article about that home for our dear girls in Balasore. It will be issued in leaflet form, also. A series of such leaflets are in preparation about different phases of our work. The picture of Jamini, of whom Miss Coe writes, appeared in an earlier HELPER. The Biddeford, Maine, auxiliary, we believe, has the joy of supporting Jamini.

## Why I Believe in Foreign Missions

BECAUSE I'd be ashamed of myself if I didn't.

BECAUSE many folks don't believe in foreign missions, and I like to be a bit unconventional and original.

BECAUSE I believe in home missions. If it isn't wrong to help somebody who lives outside your own little community, your own city, your own state, where's the harm in helping somebody who chances to live outside your own little nation?

BECAUSE if it weren't for foreign missions, you and I wouldn't be members of a Christian church.

BECAUSE I know a village in Africa where the Christians are raising five and six times as many bushels to the acre as their heathen neighbors. That alone is a mighty good reason for Christian missions. Anything that will increase the number of bushels to the acre is worth while.

BECAUSE modern education has been introduced into practically every non-Christian land by the missionary. Anyone who believes in education must believe in foreign missions.

BECAUSE tens of thousands of lives are being saved every year by medical missionaries.

BECAUSE the world's confidence in American integrity, American goods and American ways of doing business is largely the result of the good impression made in foreign lands by the advance guard of civilization—the missionaries.

BECAUSE woman is a beast in non-Christian lands, but is a woman in Christian lands. The most tragic farce under the sun is a woman who does not believe in foreign missions.

BECAUSE Christianity lifts, vivifies, renovates. It freshens and sweetens. It is altogether good, and anything that spreads its influence is good.

—Dan Ward in "The World Outlook"



## THE SINCLAIR ORPHANAGE

By AMY B. COE.

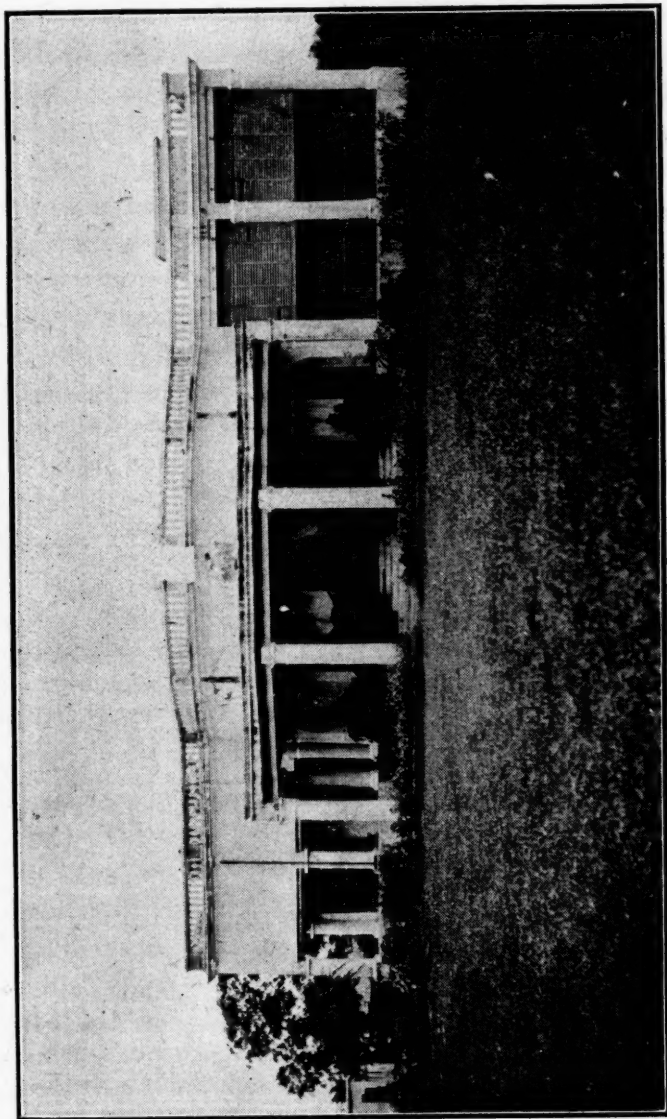
Those who know "Oriental Gardens" do not need another word to convince them of the joy of tending the flowers. Yet, in the whole wide, beautiful garden, each little plot would show its special variety. Free Baptist women have cherished one bit of ground for over sixty years. Now that it has become a part of the broad Baptist acreage, they would gladly point to their precious garnerage of flowers and fruit.

Yes, there has been time for much golden fruit to mature since those days of 1851, when Miss Lavina Crawford began her work for the orphan girls of Bengal-Orissa. The nucleus of that group were the children from the Khand Hills who had been kept for sacrifice until rescued by Government and turned over to the Mission.

The second period of Orphanage History began in 1869, when all the orphan girls who had drifted into the care of the missionaries were put under Miss Crawford at Jellasore, a lonely place; but beautiful for over-arching trees and the rice fields—for numberless little country villages, decaying temples, and the long, sad, old Pilgrim road to Puri.

At times famine increased the numbers of the girls to more than a hundred and twenty. These were the days to which we, in these later times, look back reverently, wistfully, as if to a bit of apostolic history. A wonderful woman—a wonderful teacher and soul winner, gave her life to these girls for nearly twenty years. New England system and order triumphed over India's lacks. Girls pondered the things of God and became new in Christ Jesus. Little schools were taught by Miss Crawford's pupils, and were watched with the same thrift provoking love which she gave to everything she touched, even to the beautiful plants on her verandah. In these later days, the old women, who were once Miss Crawford's girls, are known in their villages as the tidy housekeepers—yes, and also as those who have "kept the faith."

The third period is that of better equipment. In 1888, the Orphanage was moved back to Balasore, to the present day Sinclair Boarding Compound, procured through the efforts of Mrs. Dorcas Smith. The old English residence makes a palatial looking home for the lady missionaries of Balasore. They rejoice in its pillared verandah, and in the lofty proportions of its drawing room, even while they struggle to appropriately adorn it with alternate plants and chairs. The girls' houses have been



SINCLAIR ORPHANAGE

built and rebuilt, little by little, till today the three pucca buildings afford ample space for dormitory use.

And what of the present day "garden of girls" which Dr. Mary Bachelier is so diligently cultivating? The seventy-five girls now there, have come in, one by one, each for a different reason. Some were brought by the police, some were given by a father or mother in sore need, some were rescued from bad mothers, and a few are boarders, pupils of the



SARODAMONI

BETTY

SARALA

school from outlying Christian villages. Of their history we take little account. The absorbing interest lies in what they are to be.

The big Compound is a strenuous place from the time rising bell rings till, at ten o'clock, the line forms to march off to the village school. Housework is divided into thirteen parts or "palis," with three girls assigned to each division. The "palis" shift in rotation, so in three months each girl has a week's experience in every vocation. Some things unknown to American domestic science enter into this practical training; for example, what is the right proportion of dirt, water, and cow dung for the leeping of the mud floor of the dormitory? There is a deal of sweeping to be done, bending over and wielding a foot and a half long palmetto

leaf broom. Much water must be carried from the well; little folks must be scrubbed, and rubbed with mustard oil till their brown skins have the satiny finish imparted by the best furniture polish—all this, to say nothing of the cooking, the most important of all; for loud is the outcry over burned rice or curry whose choice morsels have been filched, while the unwary cook was gadding about.

Whatever the work, all but the cooking must be managed so as not to interfere with attendance at the morning prayer and Bible study period, or the study hour, or the hour for sewing and lace class. This last is a part of industrial work which we are developing more and more, not only for our girls but for our Christian women. Doilies and edgings when finished mean to the maker money for a much needed new cloth or jacket, and here in our country, they find a ready market and serve in many homes as a prized reminder of the girls in our Indian garden.

School, play, Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, the evening sing on the long pucca seat under the trees—all these make up the weekly routine for our Christian girls, to say nothing of the things they invent for themselves.

Of the girl flowers just opening, whose unfolding we are watching with trembling, lest blight should mar, I would introduce three—Jamine, Sarala, and Sarada—all recently come to the position of older “deedee,” or big sister, in the home.

Jamine has had many stormy times. The loss of one eye, when she was a little girl, has marred an otherwise attractive face. At the same time, it has given her an unfailing devotion to Dr. Bacheler, whose skill saved the other eye. Study was not easy for Jamine, and after she had stagnated two years in the Second Standard, it seemed best for her to leave school. She loved the lace work; but her eye could not bear too continuous use. That was a difficult time for the girl whose temper had always been like a blast of flame. She said of herself one day, “My heart is as black as the cloth I am wearing.” But now she has found her niche, as the long needed assistant matron, the one to care for the babies, to look after laundry and fuel and the weekly mending class. Dr. Bacheler writes, “The little ones love her. She does more for them than any one we have had before. It has been a long time since she has had an outburst of temper. She is carrying her responsibilities cheerfully.”

Sarala is a dainty, trustworthy girl, trained by Miss Gowen in handi-



work, so that she is able to acceptably fill the place of teacher for the lace class.

Sarada is almost ready for her teacher's training—a strong, jolly girl, our clown and actress, if you please, steadying under responsibility, a teacher in the Sunday School, skillful with her fingers, and wakening to the joy of service. In writing of an early attempt at village preaching to Hindu women, she said, "My heart was filled with a never-before-joy."

It's a slow task—this wakening of our Oriya women. The great numbers are still wholly unreached; the few are touched a little by the rare visits of the Bible women; and other few are taught a little more by the bi-weekly visits of the zenana teacher. Some of our Orphanage girls do not develop as we wish; but our hope lies in these flowers, carefully, lovingly nurtured. Some are teachers, some preachers' wives. Most of those who have gone out are mothers in Christian homes. With the new training in handiwork, we think we see a new door opened to them in Hindu houses. There are never enough competent ones to fill all the positions open to Christian teachers in both Government and Mission schools.

Oh, that the girls in this little garden may bear about them so sweet a fragrance of the Master that the watching, scorning Hindus may know that in this Christian Boarding Home is found a rarer flower of Indian womanhood than they have ever seen before!

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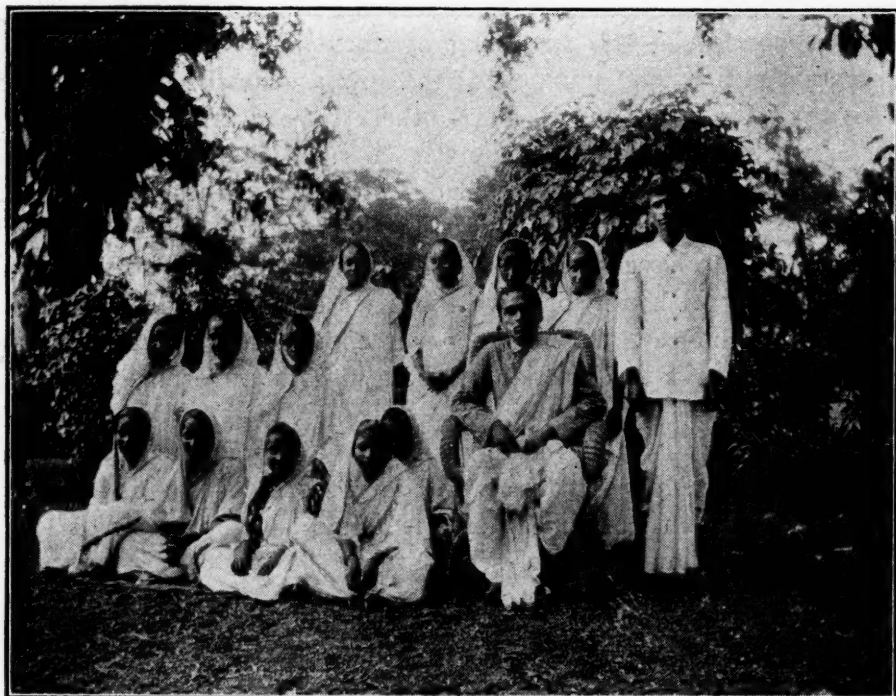
### THAT NEW SCHOOLHOUSE AT BALASORE

"We *must* have a new schoolhouse for our older girls." Such was the talk when I reached India, eight years ago. At that time we were maintaining two schools, having standards from I to IV in each, within a distance of half a mile from each other. Two sets of teachers were doing the work for which either one would have been quite sufficient. Then it was decided we *must* condense and we did; literally packed the Kindergarten Hall with all the classes up to Standard IV. That condition couldn't last long, a hundred and thirty or forty where one hundred is a crowd!

Plans were made for our new schoolhouse. With what thrills of joy I accompanied various groups of school officials to spots where there might be a schoolhouse for our children. Some selected one place and some another, but finally all agreed to build two wings on the Kinder-

garten Hall. Then the plans grew quickly under Dr. Hamlen's and Mr. Frost's direction, and I spent two days trying to connect points innumerable by the shortest route.

Government, after various delays and changes, accepted our plans, and one day the loads of brick began to arrive. I saved one from the



TEACHERS AND UPPER CLASS GIRLS  
Middle Vernacular School. Balasore

first load and kept it in the Kindergarten as an earnest of what was to follow. That building became so real to me that I was sometimes almost surprised not to see it. The children were all aflutter with excitement, and the teachers wondered if their qualifications would stand so much added dignity as would be required.

Then came the war. England, so glad to aid every cause for advancing the education of Indian women, was forced to withdraw the grant-in-aid until the war is over.

Two rooms in the house now occupied by the Colletts were utilized for class rooms until they came back. Then one room in an adjoining

building, greatly needed by the Colletts for a store room, became a class room, and another little house nearby lent two more. Then those rooms were needed and a boys' school was routed to give our girls that chance for a time. Mr. Collett's people have had absolutely no store room for anything since their return to India, because all available outbuildings on their compound have been used for school purposes. He even had to keep his motor wagon on the veranda of the bungalow and such are the conditions today.

Before I left India one year ago, our bricks were being carted away for something else and our schoolhouse seemed like only an air-castle.



TEACHER WITH GROUP OF GIRLS  
Studying English in our Middle Vernacular School

The amount now asked for in addition to what the Missionary Society has already given, will not build according to our old plans. Amy Porter, however, just revels in planning houses, and the Government won't have to take years to decide whether it approves or not if the Mission raises the whole amount as it did for the Kindergarten Hall when that was built.

Oh, Friends, you will see to it, I am sure, that Amy Porter's plans become something more substantial than from what air-castles are made! Our school-girls are very much worth while. Many of them will never go to school anywhere else. Let's give them the best we have while they are with us.

- Sincerely yours,

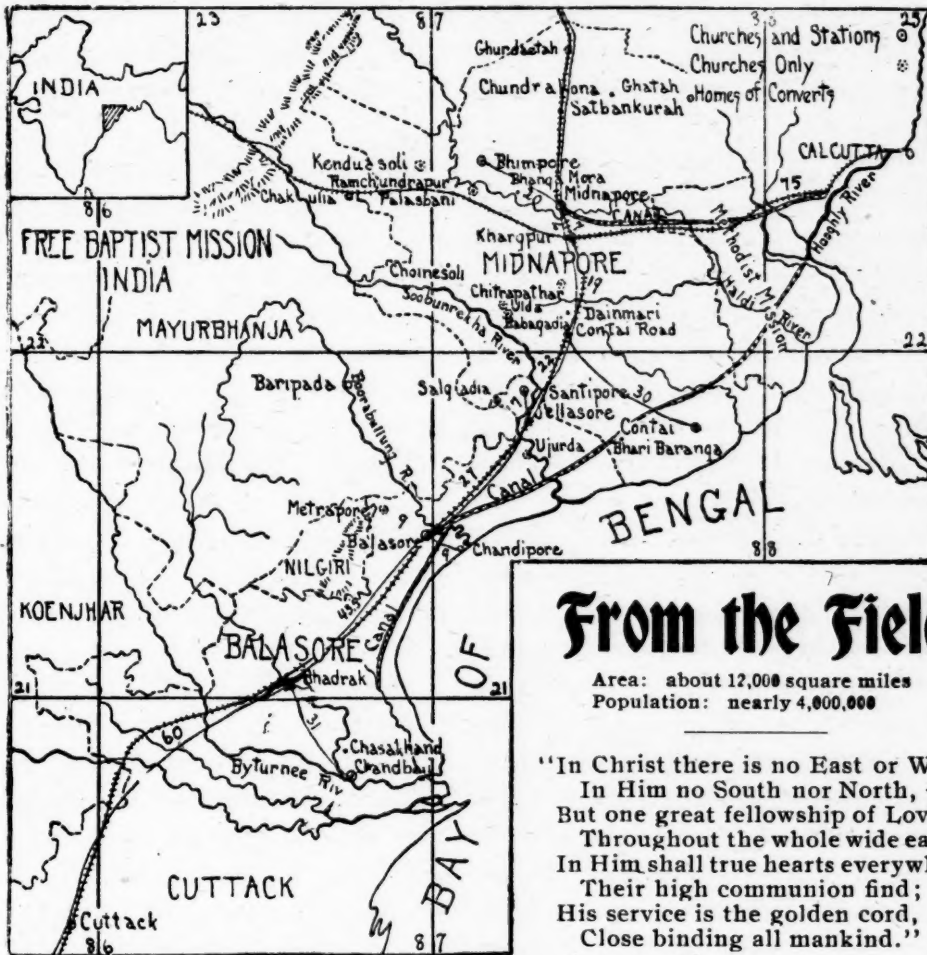
SADIE GOWEN.

## QUIZ

- To what are we called anew?  
We must be conscious of what peculiar appeal?  
What detours should we make in following the African Trail?  
What does prayer involve?  
Whose name will long be remembered?  
A wealthy Hindu did what?  
Who are "proud possessors?"  
How many schools in our mission at Balasore? What are they?  
Of what is Miss Gowen proud?  
How is one problem solved?  
How many Hindu schools in Balasore? What can you tell of each?  
How is one unique?  
Of what is MISSIONARY HELPER "so glad?"  
What are five typical scenes in "The Lure of Africa?"  
What is the size of the Dark Continent? How many people?  
What are the five groups? How many languages?  
How is Africa divided as to progress in religion, etc.?  
What can you tell of each division?  
"How shall it balance?"—In what manner does the author answer this significant question?  
What has happened "the first time in history?"  
What phrases does one hear everywhere?  
"Democracy is a spirit, a faith"—how are we learning it?  
What are some interesting facts about women and inventions?  
What of the great missionary movement?  
Can you tell the striking story of the Ashanti expedition?  
What bright bits of news from India does our Treasurer give?  
How many stations and workers have American Baptists in Africa?  
What were clever snap-shots?  
Who can tell some of Miss Daniels' experiences?  
Why does the *memsahib* have no time to play?  
What had you better try in your family?  
From whom came the largest contributions in November?  
What is said about being "fascinating and fun for folks?"  
Where does the glory of God shine down?

(Answers may be found in the January HELPER).





## From the Field

Area: about 12,000 square miles  
Population: nearly 4,000,000

"In Christ there is no East or West,  
In Him no South nor North,  
But one great fellowship of Love.  
Throughout the whole wide earth.  
In Him shall true hearts everywhere  
Their high communion find;  
His service is the golden cord,  
Close binding all mankind."

### THREE PICTURES

THE WITCH DOCTOR AT WORK IN AFRICA.—At one of our preaching stations, a congregation of two hundred assembled to hear the gospel. Many desired to enter a school immediately, discarding their old methods of life and thought. In view of the preacher, who preached in the open air, his hearers seated on the ground, was the house of a witch doctor. The proximity of the missionary, representing the new order, and the witch doctor, representing the old, is typical of our work here. The missionary and the witch doctor are in constant contact, although antagonistic. It is a struggle between the two. That the Christian view will come off victorious cannot be doubted.

Returning from the preaching service, we encounter another witch doctor "curing" some patients. Two small boys are seated on the ground. Their appearance immediately suggests the need of some doses of santonin.

"What ails them?" we ask the witch doctor.

"Their elder brother, who died last year, has come back to eat them," he replies.

There you have the African philosophy of sickness—never natural, always the work of spirits or demons.

The witch doctor proceeds with his cure. In his hand he holds a chicken. Blood must be shed. Without such there is no remission, no healing, no strength. A small hole is dug and chips of wood placed therein. At the side a fire burns. Water is at hand. The boys are wrapped in a blanket. Live coals are placed in the hole. Some incense and small leaves are thrown in. The witch doctor spits on the coals and commands the boys to follow suit. He then places a live coal in his fetish, whereupon smoke issues. He then gesticulates, passes the fetish under both legs, then around his body. The boys are bidden to smell the fetish. It is then placed under the armpits, next under the knees. Following this, the boys are sprinkled with water and blood.

Taking a native mush basket, the witch doctor "sweeps the air." He says he is driving away the evil spirit. This is done in front and behind. Afterwards the boys are washed with a liquid mush, followed by an anointing of a certain kind of clay. Again the boys hide themselves under the blanket. The witch doctor lays down his leaves used for sprinkling, and does obeisance to them, using the native form of greeting, "Kalunga." He then takes some ant-hill clay, previously placed in the hole, and throws it violently on the hard path, smashing it to a thousand pieces—this to break the power of the spirit. Now he proceeds to massage the bodies of the boys, counting all the time, one, two, three, four, five; one, two, three, four, five.

This completed, he carefully examines the fine bark rope used for the massage. What is he searching for? He is watched. Presently a bone drops out and falls into the hole.

"What is that?" we inquire.

"Do I know?" responds the witch doctor, with an injured air. He claims to have extracted something from the stomach of the elder boy. A clear indication that he has exorcised the evil spirit! Such a triumph

will bring him better pay. He then triumphantly leads each boy to the bush, covering the eyes with his hand. The boy is led round and round a tree, then given a blow on the head, afterwards running off to the village.

Before the witch doctor fills the hole, we pick up the bone—a tooth of a rabbit!

To us, faith in such an impostor seems incredible. To the African, our unbelief is just as incredible!

What can break the power of the witch doctor? His is a mighty influence, all for evil. Nothing but adequate training given to our pastors and teachers can meet such men.—REV. JOHN T. TUCKER, in *The Missionary Herald*.

A BAZAAR SCENE IN INDIA.—“We were preaching early one morning in the city. Out of the crowds that were passing to and fro about fifty had stopped and were listening. It was just the usual sort of a way-side crowd, so commonplace, and yet so full of appeal if one only *look* at them. A few villagers, with ample white turbans, listening probably for the first time to the message of Christ; some young, educated fellows, half-ashamed to be seen listening, yet curious to hear; a woman or two, stopping for a moment and passing on; a few curious, a few superior, a few scoffers, and always, as in every crowd, some poor, sad faces of needy, sinful folk ‘hearing their one hope with an empty wonder’—and all of them dear to Christ and somehow to be won for Him.

“As we preached (the white-haired Indian minister, the young evangelist, and the padre), an old Brahman joined the crowd, and at once began to interrupt. ‘Why do you listen to this foreign talk, sons of India? Have you no religion of your own, that you listen to this gentleman with the hat, and his servants there, who say what he pays them to say? Isn’t the religion of your fathers good enough for you? What better can you want? Come away.’

“The crowd, scenting a joke, began to grow. We let the old gentleman go on—and he went on until he was answered in a most disconcerting way. At the edge of the crowd, craning his neck to see what was going on, stood a municipal scavenger, with his filthy broom in his hand, and his filthy basket under his arm. Hearing the Brahman, he made bold to push his way through the crowd till he stood face to face with the old gentleman. ‘That’s all very well for *you*, a Brahman; but what about us outcastes? We know you, and we know these Christians. Did you ever

open a school for outcastes? Do you ever go among them? Have you ever touched one of us? They do: do you?' At this the crowd smiled broadly, and the old gentleman looked uncomfortable, and tried to pass it off. But the sweeper with the broom was too near for safety, and so he walked away, still talking, and the crowd, bigger than ever, turned to hear the young evangelist testify passionately what Christ's touch had done for him, a poor outcaste."—*The Harvest Field*.

SACRIFICIAL GIFTS OF LOVE IN CHINA.—In these days of financial stress, when the one word "exchange" is so constantly upon our lips and every missionary is planning just how far the precious money will go and just where the cut must come, perhaps a recent experience here in our midst may be of encouragement to others, as it has been to us.

Last week, following annual conference, we recalled a number of our district women workers, planning to help them in studies this year, though we were not able to pay their salaries as workers. Several small stations were thereby temporarily closed. Among them was one outstation, a small town where we had a flourishing day school with teacher and evangelist at work, though the circuit pastor visited the place but once a month.

The people of the town were almost frantic in their distress over our deserting them. They sent two letters of protest. Then, one Saturday, a delegation made the two days' journey into Kiukiang and pleaded that at least "just one" be left to teach them. They said, "We have, many of us, just become Christians. You are leaving us without any one to guide our feet in the right way."

Personally, the writer had no courage to go out and tell these people that their request could not be granted, so she sent Mother Stone to deal with them. Three times Mother Stone returned, the last time, with tears, exclaiming, "Oh, you will *have* to send some one! They say they will pay for the teacher themselves if we will send the evangelist." But there was no money even for this.

All day Sunday the delegation remained, refusing to return home with their request ungranted. In the evening we had our regular service in Knowles School. During the earnest flow of testimonies, reference was made to the pitiful condition of the places where the work had been closed, and we were led to tell of this particular place and its need—of the terrible responsibility that lay at the door of the church at home for withholding the gifts necessary, and that possibly some one in the school-



room was losing her opportunity by selfishly withholding from Him. Then we closed with a season of prayer and many, with sobbing voices, pleaded that God's spirit would stir some one to give.

We went home, and had scarcely reached our room when a knock sounded. One of the Chinese workers came to say that she would be responsible for the rent of the building in that particular place. Rent paid! One worker's salary provided by the people! Was God speaking? Was He telling us that *before we called* He had heard?

Another knock at the door. A package was handed in with a few written words—"Miss Hughes, please use this \$40 for —." I knew the donor. It meant a month's salary.

Fifteen minutes passed and another message, this time from an aged Bible woman who had been at the meeting. "Don't close —. I'll give \$16." It was the entire fall income from her one tiny rice field!

The next morning, before breakfast, two teachers came, one to say, "Please use my next two months' salary for —," and the other, "I'll pay for the Bible woman for one month."

As I was hurrying over to the school chapel, a Chinese woman from the Danforth Hospital ran to me and pushed a roll of money into my hand, saying, "I want to help to keep the gospel in —."

With joy I sought the two recalled workers and said, "You are to go back! How soon can you be ready to start?"

Their answers came quickly—"Tonight's boat."

Exchange! Surely it is rising! A self-supporting mission station for a supported one!

Shall we not share the pressing burdens of today with our Chinese co-laborers and give them the joy of sacrificing for others as others have done for them? And shall we not ask for larger faith, larger vision for the work entrusted to us?

"If our faith were but more simple

We should take Him at His word."

—JENNIE V. HUGHES, in *Woman's Missionary Friend*.

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### TREASURER'S NOTES

To know always these days where to place the emphasis, considering our duty in way of service and material gifts is not easy, so many needs, such pressing needs are on every side.

Red Cross gifts and work are necessary? Unquestionably, and it is also undeniably true that each one of us must be diligent in season and out of season, giving self and gifts unstintingly, but the call is not to turned-

aside giving, rather increased—that which is additional to our accustomed gifts.

In this month's mail had come words suggestive of temporarily turned-aside interest and gifts because of immediate and pressing need and forming anxiety was suggesting words of caution for these "Notes," when to our desk came the "United Apportionment Number" of *The Bulletin*, "issued whenever occasion may require by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society." Full quotation seems timely, for here are words of challenge more vigorous and visioning than would have been ours of caution.

"A crisis is a challenge. There is no time for adjustment, for compromise. With whatever of strength or insight the soul is possessed, the crisis must be faced. In the crash of the world war conditions have been shaken and broken. Face to face with the greatest challenge of the centuries we Christians stand. We cannot avoid the issue and in it all the insincerities, unrealities, sentimentalities of our religious life are being revealed. The terrible light of the crisis is cast back over all the careless living of the past in one revealing glare.

The wide open earth, the agonizing peoples challenge us: 'Have you a gospel? Can Christ save? Will you help?' We can neither evade nor avoid the answer. What we really think of Christ is registered so plainly that all the world may read by what we do and give for Christ's church and Christ's world. If we diminish our gift or our service to Christ's Kingdom on the plea of the war and its needed ministries we show that in such a time other calls are more imperative than His call; that patriotism is more compelling than Christian loyalty, and democracy more worth preserving than Christianity.

By the response of the church in a time like this her real love to Christ is shown more clearly than by a hundred revival seasons. Over against the splendid sacrifices for country the church dare not place a timid or a niggardly gift on the altar of her Lord. He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords whose is all that we have and are. In this sacred year of national sacrifices it is right to expect an outpouring of love that will fill missionary treasuries full to overflowing.

This then is our challenge and our opportunity. Christ's work must go on. Doors open because of a century of effort must not close for want of money. As a business firm draws upon its last credit in financial storm, as a family in time of illness uses up its savings, as a mother

calls upon unsuspected resources of nerve and body to nurse her child, so our great denomination must gird itself at whatever cost to hold all its trenches in the far-flung battle lines of the Kingdom of God.

We have the churches, we have the numbers, we have the money. God grant us the vision and the will."

Again under "War Emergency Needs" we learn that "the schedules of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society and of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society call for *greatly increased expenditures* this year over all previous years, on account of the war."

By this we all realize that our usual gifts must not only be continued, they must be added to, that thereby the "war emergency needs of our missionary interests may be met.

"The missionary enterprise is the Christian campaign for international good will.

We shall not deal fairly with the world's appalling need if we fail as individuals to hear the call it sounds for each of us."

Mrs. Lightner, Storer's capable treasurer, says in recent letter: "I am struggling, planning and praying that the financial balance may be on the right side.

The school itself was never in better working order. The course of study has at last been brought up to date. That means that the efforts of the last five years have produced the desired results."

Aren't we glad that we are privileged to share in this splendid work?

Yours for the faithful holding of the ropes of past-begun, as well as present service.

Most cordially,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

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### GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

Now that stamps have gone up—along with other things—can't we Hooverize in the use of them? A three-cent stamp will send in one fifty-cent subscription, or two subscriptions and a contribution to the sustaining fund, or hundreds and hundreds of dollars to be used in many ways. Can't our subscribers arrange to send in their subscriptions together, and then, if they have no better use for the postage saved, send us the money it represents, too? I am sure Hoover would approve of this suggestion.

Several people of late when they have sent us their subscriptions

have added an equal or sometimes a double amount for the Sustaining Fund. This is an example most worthy of emulating.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston Mass.

## Helps for Monthly Meetings

Through our reading, study and social life as a missionary society, "May we become true witnesses of Thy will toward men, of the pure life of Thy Kingdom and the glad assurance of Thy presence. Build up our faith, increase our joy and multiply our service; that Thy life may shine through our lives for the help of others."

### TOPICS FOR 1917-1918

September—	Welcome Day.
October—	Our Work in the Orient.
November—	Home Missions
December—	"The White Man in Africa."
January—	"The Bulu"
February—	I. Prayer and Praise. II. "The Bulu and God."
March—	"The Ten Tyings."
April—	"The New Tribe."
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	"The New Custom."
July—	Field Day.

### MARCH.—"THE TEN TYINGS"

"Make us resolute to do  
What Thou showest to be true;  
Make us hate and shun the ill  
Loyal to Thy holy will.

May Thy yoke be meekly worn,  
May Thy cross be bravely borne;  
Make us patient, gentle, kind,  
Pure in life, in heart and mind."

—E. P. Parker.

### Suggestive Program.

OPENING HYMN.—"Jesus of Nazareth, Healer of Men." (*Missionary Hymnal*, page 101.)

SCRIPTURE SERVICE.—Responsive Reading of 1st Psalm. Repeat the Ten Commandments in unison. Selections from Romans VI, read by the Leader.

PRAYER.—(See Text-book, page 106.)

HELPER QUIZ.—(In which are interesting questions about Africa.)



INTRODUCTION TO LESSON.—Call attention again to the power of fetishism, which makes life so difficult for these “black sheep” of the forest.

(See the chapter on Fetishism in “Missions in Africa,” and pictures of fetishes, in same pamphlet (price 10 cents, A. B. F. M. S., Literature Dept., Box 41, Boston, Mass.) Also the article in this HELPER, on “The Witch Doctor.” Note the need of medical work, in this connection. (“Missions in Africa,” page 36.)

“THE TEN TYINGS.”—Chapter IV of “The African Trail.”

READINGS.—With comments to bring out clearly the inner spirit and great lessons of this beautiful, pathetic story of self-conquest: The Perfect Taboo and its Emancipations; Rules and Customs; Wise Lessons from Little Huts; Disciplines; The Power and the Vision.

IMPRESSIONS.—Ask members in advance to come to the meeting prepared to tell very briefly what thought or character impressed them most deeply, and how, when they first read this chapter.

HYMN.—“Rise on the Shadowed Nations.” (*Hymnal*, page 53.)

CLOSING PRAYER.—“For a renewal of consecration, a new victory over sin, an appreciation of Christ, an eagerness to bring our own families and friends to Christ, that the seal on the sincerity of our missionary interest may be that it begins at home.”

NOTE.—The January *Everyland* is an African Number, containing, among other interesting things, a sketch about Miss Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, and a picture of her ready for a ride in her one-wheeled bush cart. (Price 10 cents. Address *Everyland*, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.)

### A CALL FOR HELP AND THE ANSWER

Miss Abbie Sanderson of Maine, and Dr. Marguerite Everham of Chicago, sail in March for South China. Miss Sanderson is to be associated with Miss Culley and Miss Fielden in the Girls' School at Swatow, and Dr. Everham will take the medical work in one of our hospitals for women—either in Swatow or Kityang. These two new recruits sail in response to a cable from the South China Mission asking for immediate reinforcements. The cable included a request for two evangelistic workers in addition to the teacher and physician. Where are two volunteers for this need?

While several other denominations are compelled to close some of their women's hospitals in the Orient because they cannot find women physicians, the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society has sent out three newly appointed physicians during this year and a fourth is to sail in March.

## Our Quiet Hour

"God himself cannot do some things unless men think; He cannot do some things unless men work; and there are some things God never can do until He finds a man who prays."

### HOLD FAST TO JOY.

Don't be afraid, my heart,  
Don't be afraid!  
'Tis true that winter days  
Are coming fast;  
Crocus and rose in turn  
Have bloomed and passed;  
But love of God is in the leaves of  
brown—  
The shining leaves, that fall so gently  
down  
Upon the glade;  
Don't be afraid, my heart,  
Don't be afraid!

Tremble not so, my heart,  
Tremble not so!  
Think not because the frost  
Is in the air  
That God is absent, that  
He does not care;  
God is at home in winter as in spring,  
And (oh, let me believe it!) everything  
Is with His life aglow;  
Tremble not so, my heart,  
Tremble not so!

Hold fast to joy, my heart,  
Hold fast to joy!  
Summer or winter-time,  
Threatening or bright.  
God is enfolding thee;  
Joy is thy right;  
What, then, is wrong in all this world of  
ours,  
Whether the leaves be brown, or gay  
the flowers—  
What can annoy?  
Hold fast to joy, my heart,  
Hold fast to joy!

—MARY E. ALLBRIGHT.

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love, and of a sound mind.—II Timothy 1: 7.

### OUR DAYS ARE IN GOD'S HANDS

Do not worry, do not worry, but do your work well. Do not borrow trouble. "Fret not thyself." We are to walk by faith, and faith implies the gloaming. God takes His own time, because all time is His

own. Jesus was never in a hurry. In His life there is determination, but never haste. We have not passed this way heretofore, but He has, and He knows every turn of the road. He knows the end from the beginning. So let us trust. The step from here to over there we all must take. It is a step into the unknown. We are to be always expecting something beautiful and gracious. Happy the man who can say with the sundial that Hazlitt saw in Italy: "I take record of only the hours of sunshine." Remember, if clear vision had been better for us, we should have it; but clear vision is not ours, and so it cannot be best for us. And meantime the trip is fascinatingly interesting. The night may be dark, but the morning will be cloudless.—REV. MALCOLM J. MCLEOD.

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## Words from Home Workers

"The world moves along, not only by the gigantic shoves of its hero workers, but by the aggregate tiny pushes of every honest worker."

*Dover, N. H.*—The monthly meeting of the Hills Home and Foreign Missionary Society was held, January 9, in the home of Mrs. Bennett. It was of peculiar interest to the members, because it is probably the last before the union of the Free Baptist and Baptist churches in Dover is perfected. Then a new organization will be formed, the plan for which is to be worked out by a committee. There was a large number present, including Baptist women.

The acting president, Mrs. Ethel E. Demeritt, presided, reading the Scripture, with a beautiful interpretation of the Master's words. A roll-call of the members was responded to with patriotic quotations. There was a recitation, "America for Me," by Van Dyke, delightfully rendered by Mrs. Sears.

Miss DeMeritte read a paper on "Bulu and God," which was followed by presentation of missionary workers, both Free Baptists and Baptists, under the direction of Mrs. Cross. All present had a merry time guessing characters. The "Star Spangled Banner" was played by Mrs. Steeves, and the exercises closed with a social and refreshments, and singing "America," with Mrs. Nason at the piano.

A most friendly feeling pervaded this meeting as it has other meet-

ings in which a joint committee has been working on the plans for making a new Baptist church in Dover. The place of worship will be in our dear old Washington St. Church.

—L. A. D.

IMPORTANT NOTES FOR HOME WORKERS.—Mrs. F. L. Anderson, Treasurer of the New England District W. A. B. F. M. S., has resigned because of ill health. Our contributors in that District should now send all money for foreign work to the new treasurer, Miss Hilda L. Olson, 18 Creighton St., Providence, R. I. State very carefully what it is for and by whom it is sent.....It would be a satisfaction to our National Treasurer, Miss Porter, if all who send money to the District Treasurers for that new schoolhouse at Balasore, or large contributions for other needs, would report the amount to her. It would be interesting to know, at next Annual Meeting, how nearly, or how amply, we have met our obligations, under the new order.....There was, naturally, confusion, at first, for all parties, but adjustments are being made very surely and harmoniously, if slowly. Questions, already answered in the HELPER, are still being asked, so we will keep on answering! The National F. B. W. M. S. is still alive and very vigorous. It cares for its invested funds, receives bequests, publishes THE MISSIONARY HELPER, prepares for a Thank Offering, and attends to other important matters. It has a long list of life members with voting power. According to the revised Constitution, anyone can become an *annual* member by the payment of \$1.00. We repeat that this does not refer to the usual auxiliary dues, which should go toward the regular work, through the district treasurers.....Some have feared that, under the new plans for children's work, cradle roll money from F. B. auxiliaries might be diverted from our beloved brown babies at Sinclair Orphanage and from Storer College. This question has been referred to Baptist leaders by our wise Reference Committee, Mrs. Bachelder, and it is fully understood that cradle roll contributions shall be used as formerly, whenever that is the desire of the givers. Mrs. Hartshorn writes, "Certainly, by all means, have your Cradle Roll leaders send in their contributions, as they have been sending, simply designating quite plainly where they wish it to go." We hope that each C. R. Superintendent will send for "The Children's World Crusade, Hand-Book for Leaders," and "The Children's World Crusade Manual" (see addresses for literature on third page of HELPER cover) and wherever possible adapt



the fine suggestions to the needs of their own bands. Some of our larger societies have already done this. There is no compulsion, either way. We simply wish to work in the very best manner to accomplish best results, with the least possible confusion, and are delighted with all the new ideas which help to this end.....Mrs. Laura E. Hartley has been appointed to an important office in New Hampshire for the united work for children. ....Mrs. Bachelder urges all who can do so to make an extra gift for that new schoolhouse in Balasore of which Miss Gowen writes.....We call special attention to our Treasurer's statement about the necessity of *quarterly remittance*, in her January Notes, and her reference to the crisis and challenge, in this HELPER. It is of vital importance that our missionary work be kept up in these times. More money is needed than ever before to even maintain what is begun. Our friends in India are feeling the effect of high prices quite as much as we are. If you had a family of nearly one hundred children to care for, as our Dr. Mary has, how would you feel to see prices going up and contributions from home growing smaller! We quote from a "Family Letter" leaflet, just issued (anyone can have it on application to Miss Porter), "Just now, when the appeals for help in war work are so insistent and compelling, we may be tempted to eliminate everything else and concentrate our energies on relief work in the war zone. If this necessary, splendid service means the dropping of our relief work for India and Storer, is it justified? Can we let our brown babies suffer, neglect our schools, cut off evangelistic work, by withdrawing our contributions, in order to send them elsewhere? No; a thousand times, no! *We must not, we cannot, we will not!* Let us keep in intimate touch, through our HELPER, with the work we have undertaken—work which it would be cruel and disloyal to neglect. No member of our family could consider such a possibility. 'Tried and true,' you have proved yourselves."

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Strange, that we creatures of the petty ways,  
Poor prisoners behind these fleshly bars,  
Can sometimes think us thoughts with God ablaze  
Touching the fringes of the outer stars.

And stranger still that, having flown so high  
And stood unshamed in shining presences,  
We can resume our smallness, nor imply  
In mien or gesture what that memory is.

—Richard Burton.

## Juniors



### MISSION EXERCISE.

Children may be in costume or wear the letters.

I am a widow, altho but a child;  
Now I am spurned as accursed, defiled.  
Dreary and dread years of toil lie ahead.  
I can but call from my long, loveless night  
Asking for pity, for help and for light.

Cast out by parents who lie sick and blind,  
Hungry, untutored, what fate shall I find?  
In China I see there are hundreds like me.  
Need we continue to die in despair  
And ne'er hear the story of God and His care?

All the children of earth should belong to my King.  
My Saviour has died their deliverance to bring.  
Every child I would reach with the Gospel's glad cheer,  
Rescuing all from the bondage of fear.  
If I cannot go too, I'll uphold those who do.  
Christ is soon coming the reapers to pay,  
And I must have sheaves for the great Harvest Day.  
Taking the others' hands, America leads them away.

—Winnifred M. Dyer.

### WHEN A LITTLE BLACK BOY FIRST HEARD ABOUT THE CHRIST CHILD

Far over in Africa one day a missionary passed through a village. He stayed only a few hours, but while he was there he gathered the people together and told them the Christmas story about Bethlehem and about the wonderful Child who was born there. You know the story well, but to these poor black people it was all new. Among the crowd that gathered about the missionary was a little black boy, who did not take his eyes off the minister's face once during the talk. The minister smiled at him when he said good-by, and asked him if he liked the story. He nodded his head and smiled back. "Then," said the minister, "tell it to some one who needs Christ's help very much."

After the missionary had gone away, the little boy thought of a little forlorn shepherd boy on the hills who had a cruel master. Once the shepherd boy had helped the other boy when he was hurt, and had taken him home, so it was this shepherd boy that the little African missionary boy

thought of right away. He went to hunt for him and found him taking care of some sheep on the plains. When he told him, as best he could, about the Babe of Bethlehem, the shepherd boy said: "I am going to find him. Is he at the station at Kuruman?"

"I think he must be there," said the little black boy, "because they sing songs about him there."

The little shepherd boy went on his search, and he really found the station, and good people there who were glad to take care of him and tell him more of the wonderful story. He did not see the Babe of Bethlehem, but he found the Savior in just the same way any child can find him by going to him in prayer, with a loving, trustful heart.—*Picture Story Paper*.

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### HELPS FOR JUNIOR WORKERS

Now that we are all adventuring together along the African trail—big folks and little folks and all-the-way-between folks—the Bulu and his home, his ways and his worship are becoming familiar, so we see how alike we are inside, in spite of the many and great unlikenesses; and we see that we can learn lessons of these far-away folk, who do not seem far at all, as well as teach them about God and Christ and better ways of living. The Juniors are getting happily acquainted with Mejo and Assam and brave little Asala, and are hearing something about the heroes of Africa, Livingstone, Stanley, Mackay, the Moffats, and Mary Slessor, "the White Queen of Okoyong."

The helps for leaders, suggested this year, make almost an embarrassment of riches. The text-book, "African Adventurers," is a fascinating story by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, who is a heroine herself. When she was called again to Africa to help, in this terrible time of war, her friends dreaded the dangers of the voyage for her, but she said, "When people are called to the front now, they go," and took the first ship.

One must have "Suggestions to Leaders" (price 5 cents), by J. Gertrude Hutton, which opens the way to a wealth of other material. If each boy and girl cannot be the happy possessor of *Everyland* (\$1.00 a year, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City), that altogether delightful monthly magazine, one copy at least can be taken by the Society. *Everyland* for January is an African number, full of pictures, stories, sketches, riddles, etc., and the February number has further African material. From the same address you can get "Directions for Making an African Village" (15

cents), and an African Picture Sheet (10 cents), more than thirty pictures to be cut out and mounted by the Juniors. There is a charming book about "Our Little African Cousin" (60 cents), by Mary Elizabeth Wade; "Livingstone Hero Stories" (15 cents), by Susan Mendenhall, and ever so many other helps, with maps and charts and painting books—all mentioned in the "Suggestions to Leaders." A comprehensive leaflet entitled "Side Lights Along the African Trail," can be obtained, for postage, of the W. A. B. F. M. S. (see address on third page of HELPER cover). From the same address you can get a pamphlet on "Missions In Africa." The Congo (10 cents), an informational booklet with map and illustrations, including a picture of a curious collection of fetishes with description of their use.

This is the natural time to learn something of the great work Baptists are doing on the Congo, especially as it affects the children. And we must keep in touch always, through the HELPER, with Sinclair Orphanage, and the Kindergarten, and Brown Babies, in our Bengal-Orissa Field. Have you the post card pictures of these? (15 cents a dozen; address the Editor of MISSIONARY HELPER, Ocean Park, Me.)

Since we read Miss Hartley's suggestions, in the June and July HELPERS, about Manual Methods of Teaching Missions, and saw her splendid demonstrations at our Ocean Park Summer School, we know that excellent results can be obtained with very inexpensive material. One who is quick to see and eager to find, will discover many appropriate pictures in the advertising pages of magazines; the Juniors will enjoy making charts, maps and African huts, themselves, instead of paying for such helps; and the loving thought of others will be strengthened by the making of scrap books, saving picture post cards, and dressing dolls for "our little cousins" in other lands.

This is a great time in which to live, even if it is a sad time. We are all "Soldiers of the Prince," in one way or another, and the best Junior captain is the one who helps his little followers most to become the best citizens of our country, and every country, and the coming Kingdom.

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### A WEDDING

[Miss Gladys Thacker, Pasadena, California, to whom Miss Gowen introduced us in the June HELPER, left America for India last September, to become the wife of Mr. V. G. Krause, who has charge of the Manual Training School in Balasore. Miss Coombs' letter, two months on the way, did not reach us until the foregoing pages were in type.—EDITOR.]

That toward which we have been looking so long is now in the past



and we have a new Mem Sahib among us!

Ever since last August when the first preparations began to be made for the coming of the bride, we have watched with keen interest the development of a bare, desolate house into a dear, cosy home, and as it was only across the Compound from our own we have had all the better chance to watch the process.

When Miss Gowen left the bungalow of the Superintendent of the Widows' Home empty, it seemed like a body without a soul, but now it is no longer simply a place, but a living center of interest.

We had heard that Miss Thacker was to sail September 15th, but no word came of the actual sailing, and no news from any port till on November 8th came a telegram from Singapore—"Arrived well and happy," and then, days before it was possible for the steamer to have arrived, Mr. Krause was in Calcutta haunting the office and we were daily expecting news of the arrival. At last, on the 19th, telegrams invited all the missionaries to be there on the 20th, and eight of them responded. On the afternoon of that day, in the historic Carey Baptist Chapel (where Adoniram Judson was baptized) was a quiet, pretty wedding—the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Browne, our missionary from Kharagpur. In Balasore we were having thrills and quivers all day in anticipation of their coming on the evening train, and a goodly number gathered at the station to greet them, only to be disappointed at seeing simply the returning party. However, two days later they gathered again and were rewarded by beholding as dainty a miss come down from the train as ever stepped out of a picture frame! There were greetings and music and garlands, and then the drive to the snug little nest prepared with such loving care, where, after refreshments, we left them to demonstrate the power of another Christian home in this dark land.

Since then, there have been celebrations of all sorts—the most novel, doubtless, for Mrs. Krause, being the dinner given to all the girls of Sinclair Orphanage, with all the missionaries invited. It made a gathering of more than a hundred—two long lines the whole length of the north veranda. The bride—good sport! just seated herself like the rest, "tailor fashion," and, like the rest, ate with her right hand from the leaf plate loaded with rice and curry. Whether, like the rest, she enjoyed it is a question.

L. C. COOMBS.

*Balasore, India, Nov. 28, 1917.*

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You can not measure God; you can not estimate the infinite energy that lies within the peace of God. He will guard that heart, that mind, that love, that thinking power, as the very treasure of God, and you will have the health of a self which draws its daily breath from the heart of the Eternal.—*W. Douglas Mackenzie.*

## OUR FOLKS

Our Corresponding Secretary, Miss Fenner, wrote from the Grand Canyon, Ariz., on January 1st, "Can you imagine a more wonderful place in which to begin the year? It is called 'earth's most superb spectacle.' I am at the rim, 7000 feet high. It is a sheer mile down to the Colorado River.".....Miss Barnes wrote from Darjeeling, Nov. 3, "It is delightful here among the Himalayas and I am having a good rest and change. I shall soon be returning to Jellalore and am looking forward with pleasure to the cool season work. Am trying to get a magic lantern for work in the villages. It is such a help. There are two or three inquirers in Jellalore. I am hoping they will soon accept Jesus as their Saviour. I have received few letters lately. Surely some must have been lost. Many people are longing for mail from loved ones.".....One of our younger workers writes, "It takes a strong spirit, these days, to 'look up, and laugh and lift!' The world is so full of woe and suffering it almost weighs me down.".....Rev. Ellen A. Copp is an inspiration—or a reproach—to any of us who feel too old to begin great tasks. Having already acquired the titles A. M., B. D., and LL. B., written a book on the Bible and another on Law, brought up a fine family and been a successful pastor, she is now studying for the degree of Ph. D., at Madison University. She writes, "Besides philosophy, I am studying French. I hope to finish not long after I am seventy.".....In a letter from Midnapore, India, Miss Ruth Daniels tells some quaint experiences: "In one little hut that I visited they gave me a small board to sit on and then the woman whom I know best began to ask, 'Where have you been all this time? You haven't been to see us in a long time. Did you go home?' Before now I've tried to tell these people that my home is far away and I can't go when I please, but they don't seem to be impressed. 'America,' 'England,' 'across the ocean,' and even 'six weeks' journey' make no impression on them, so I thought of a new way to make them understand. When I told this woman that it cost 900 rupees to go home, I succeeded in making her see why I didn't go home several times a year. No doubt she had never seen more than two or three rupees at once in her life.....One time the women in that neighborhood asked me if my mother and father were white like me or black. But in spite of the fact that they don't know geography or science, they understand what a great sacrifice it is to leave one's own people, and it always gives me an opportunity to tell them why I came so far and why

my friends were willing to let me come.....I am looking forward eagerly to the day when I shall visit you all again. One thing which spurs me on to work more than almost anything else is the thought that many of you are sacrificing that I may be here, and some are thinking of me as their substitute in this land. Pray that I may be worthy of all you are doing for me.".....Miss Elizabeth Salmon, Hillsdale, Mich., writes of a Union service of the missionary societies of all the churches of the city, in response to the call for a day of prayer from the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions. It was a deeply spiritual service throughout, one long to be remembered. There was a notable list of F. B. participants. Rev. Elizabeth Moody Evans beautifully conducted the Quiet Hour and reconsecration. Mrs. E. B. Cheney presented "The Home Church." Dr. A. L. Kennan spoke on "The Native Church and Workers," describing his own church among the Santals. Dr. Shirley Smith Thomson spoke on the "White Native Church." There were two sessions, afternoon and evening. "It is a benediction to have Mrs. Cheney with us," adds Miss Salmon.....Please carefully read "Important Notes" on another page.

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#### LIFE AND WORK

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,  
And clowns who caper in sawdust rings,  
And common people, like you and me  
Are workers for eternity?

Each is given a bag of tools,  
A shapeless mass, and a book of rules,  
And each must make, ere life be flown,  
A stumbling-block or a stepping stone.  
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Be something in this living age, and prove your right to be  
A light upon some darkened page, a pilot on some sea.  
Find out the place where you may stand beneath some burden low:  
Take up the task with willing hand; be something, somewhere, *now!*"

"I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life."—*John Ruskin.*

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must sometime fight it out or perish, and if that be so, why not now and where you stand?  
—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

# Contributions

*"Money speaks all languages, there is no limit to the geographical range of its influence."*

## F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for December, 1917

F. B. W. M. S. contributors should carefully designate how their money should be used, whether for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, or the Contingent Fund, remembering that the latter will be used by the Society where it is most needed.

MAINE		MICHIGAN	
Auburn Aux, by Mrs G H Hamlen, for <i>Helper</i> Sustaining Fund . . . . .	\$ 1 50	Gobleville Aux, Dr B \$3.60; Storer 2.40 . .	6 00
Biddeford, Jefferson St F B W M S. for Storer . . . . .	25 00	MINNESOTA	
Bridgewater F B S S, six shares salary Miss E E Barnes . . . . .	24 00	Sebek, Marshall Family for sal'y Mrs I M Holder . . . . .	5 61
Livermore Falls, Miss Helen A Hutchin- son for <i>Helper</i> Sus Fund . . . . .	3 00	Winnebago, Pri Dpt of 8 S for sal'y Miss E E Barnes . . . . .	5 35
Newport, Mrs Elizabeth Kinney for sup- port Harimoni in S O . . . . .	5 00	CALIFORNIA	
Ocean Park Toilers-by-the-Sea, by Mrs M A Davis, T O, Annual dues Gen'l Soc'y for Bengal-Orissa on Maine Appor . . . . .	5 00	Escondido, Mr and Mrs Henry Hyde for Storer College . . . . .	5 00
So Portland C R for S O . . . . .	4 00	Total Receipts for December, 1917 .	\$151 20
NEW HAMPSHIRE		PERSONAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS (Extra)	
Farmington, Rev D A Gammon . . . . .	5 00	Miss Helen A Hutchinson for Dr Mary Bachelier . . . . .	\$ 5 00
Lakeport, F B Wom's Miss'y Soc'y, \$5.37 Bengal-Orissa; 5.37 Storer . . . . .	10 74	Mrs M A W Bachelier, do . . . . .	2 00
Loudon Ladies' Aid Soc'y . . . . .	5 00	Mrs N W Whitcomb, do . . . . .	2 00
Pittsfield Aux, dues . . . . .	4 00	ER P do . . . . .	2 00
MASSACHUSETTS		For Mondera in S O . . . . .	1 00
Haverhill Woman's Missionary Society for Storer College . . . . .	10 00	Mrs Mary A Davis, to Dr Mary Bachelier 10.00; to Miss L C Coombs 10.00 . . .	20 00
Lawrence, 1st F B Ch for Storer College	20 00	Total Specials . . . . .	\$32 00
NEW YORK		EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer	
Pt Dickinson Bapt S S for support of Swagini Das . . . . .	5 00	47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.	
St Lawrence County Friends for F M . .	2 00		

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

The requests we make of God interpret our character. They show us as we are. God reads our character in our prayers. What we love best, what we covet most, that gives the key to our hearts.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*



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O mighty Lord of winter-tide  
O loving Lord of spring,  
Come to our hearts this Easter Day,  
Melt all the prisoning ice away  
And evermore abide  
Making both good and ill to be  
Thy blessed opportunity.

—Susan Coolidge

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